

had a Mr. Hudson, from Massachusetts, lecturing on Slavery, and in his lectures much approved, but in private conversation, by being pressed, has openly avowed himself an anti-Sabbath, anti-Saviour, and anti-everything that we hold as the fundamentals of our faith. He is a strong Garrisonian, and is procuring subscriptions to a Garrison paper, (the Standard,) in which he has been too successful among us, and he informs us that Mr. S. S. Foster and wife (Abby Kelley) are coming into this county to lecture on Slavery, to the people; and now the question with me arises, what is the duty of ministers in regard to the subject? Without wishing to dictate, I would ask, is not the course that Mr. Smith, of Pittsburgh, related in the Oberlin Evangelist, of June 10th, the best to adopt? They will be heard, and if they cannot have our houses of worship to lecture in, they will take their buggies into the street, as Brown and Hudson did in Mayville, and gather the people, to hear them from that. Are not the people of this county in danger of being led blindfold into infidelity, if the ministry stay away? Will they clear their skirts by staying at home? I know that this is a grave question for me to ask, but, Sir, I am anxious, and I remember an instance in Onondaga county, of the great Universalist, Dean, of Boston, coming into Mr. Brainard's society, and making appointments at five o'clock, on the Sabbath, and Mr. Brainard suspended his third meeting to hear him, and appointed to preach from the same text, on Wednesday, at five, and so continued for a number of weeks, until Dean left the ground entirely. Now, dear brother, if Mr. Foster and wife should be thus treated, would it not result in good to the cause of religion and the slave? In haste I close, with much respect,

THOMAS DANFORTH.

REV. MR. WAITH ABINGTON.

How to Vote.

FRIEND GAY:—At the close of some remarks, at one of our meetings last week, in behalf of the Standard, individuals were requested to give in their names as subscribers, and on making a personal appeal to one of our prominent men, who has never identified himself with the Anti-Slavery movement, he expressed his regret and disappointment, at hearing nothing said about voting. Said he had "come to the meeting to learn how to vote," and had not heard anything about it.

He "could place no confidence in the political parties, and thought he would come and hear a man who" he "knew would tell the truth upon the subject, that" he "might know what course to pursue." "How shall I vote?"

This query is full of significance. It is an indication of the prevailing thoughts and feelings of those who propound it; and although few have the frankness and ingenueness of our friend, to ask the question in so many words, yet the great inquiry is the same with the mass of our population.

Voting is the "alpha and omega—the beginning and the ending" of the American people. The ballot-box is a kind of divinity which they worship. And when we reflect that we have all been educated to be politicians and political partisans, it is not strange that it is so. Politics, (in the common acceptance of the word,) is instilled into us from our earliest infancy, and we are taught to believe that the highest interests of the nation depend upon the success of our party. Hence the power which demagogues possess to gull and deceive the people. Next to our party, we are taught to reverence the Constitution and the Union—"purchased by the blood of our fathers, and bequeathed to us as a sacred legacy;" and like the dog in the fable, while we have been so eagerly grasping after the shadow, the substance has escaped us, and we have nothing left but the form without the power—the letter without the spirit. But what is more deplorable still, we seem not to be aware of the fact, that the American Constitution and the American Union are powerless for freedom. They have long since irrevocably lost their virtue, and been prostituted to the base purposes of Slavery.

We have been satisfied to release the great deeds of our Puritan ancestors, and "garish their sepulchres," taking to ourselves great glory for having descended from so noble a stock.

"But we make their truth our falsehood, thinking that hath made us free, Hoarding it in mouldy parchments, while our tender spirits flee The rule of grace of that great impulse, which drove them across the sea."

Trammelled by such an education, and fettered by such habits of thought, it seems difficult for many to understand and appreciate the force of moral power, and they think, notwithstanding all their professions, (if we may judge by their acts,) that it is unsafe to "trust in God," unless you "keep your powder dry."

When they speak of "one's chasing a thousand and two putting ten thousand to flight," they utter it as a beautiful abstraction, inapplicable to the present state of things; and with all their professions they are absolutely infidel to the omnipotence of Truth.

In their zeal for ballot-boxes, constitutions, and unions, men seem to overlook the important fact, that laws and constitutions receive all their vitality and power from public opinion—that the "power behind the throne is greater than the throne itself,"—that the real, controlling, guiding, and governing influence is the moral sentiment of the people; and that just in proportion as that is perverted, to the same extent will injustice prevail and oppression triumph.

This latent case, common sense would clearly indicate the course to be pursued. Regenerate the public mind; reform the public conscience; convict and convert the people, which can only be done by the application of truth. Because yourselves the living embodiment and exponent of that truth. Yield yourselves up to its guidance and control, and it will perform its work by virtue of its own vitality. Have a little grain of faith, and remember that "the measure of success in any cause is the measure of devotion to principle"—then the question, "How shall I vote?" can be easily decided. First, Can I vote at all under this blood-stained Government, without a violation of the principles of fundamental morality? Admit, if you please, that the Constitution is written in "letters of gold, set in pictures of silver,"—it at least does one thing: it recognizes the worst of pirates, the greatest of tyrants, the most infamous of robbers, the vilest of man-thieves, the most open violators of every principle of the Divine law, as republicans and Democrats, men suitable to administer justice, and make laws for the protection of human rights; and all who remain in this political union do the same—all who vote under this Constitution do the same;—and ask if this is not a plain and palpable violation of the very first principles of morality. No one will dispute it—no one will deny it. And besides, we are under the most solemn obligations to array ourselves in open hostility to a Government which violates the divine law, and by all righteous means to seek its overthrow. If we would be loyal to the King of Kings, and maintain our fidelity to the Lord of Lords, we must do it. Does any one say that, by so doing, we disfranchise ourselves and lose our citizenship? What if we do? We retain our MANHOOD, which is more than citizenship, more than Governments. When will honest men dissolve their connection with this Heaven-defying Government if not now? What acts of perfidy can it perpetrate which it has not already committed? What law of God can it violate which it has not already trampled upon? What principle of justice can it outrage which it has not already desecrated?—What human relation can it abrogate which it has not already stricken down? The Indian has melted away before its treacherous hand. The negro has bowed down beneath the weight of its power. When the sea gives up her dead, the wrongs of Africa may be numbered.—Not satisfied with this, she is driving her war-chariot

over prostrate Mexico. If the time for protestation, secession, nullification, and rebellion, has not come, when will it arrive? Will it be when Algiers is admitted into the Union, and South Sea Island cannibals have a seat in the Legislative halls of the nation? That could not add to our infamy, deepen our guilt, or increase our condemnation, more than that we have done already. Every consideration of justice, humanity, and religion, of well-being in this life or the life to come, calls upon us to absolve ourselves from all connection with American Slavery, and to rebuke the slaveholder with all faithfulness that he may be brought to repent of his sin, and let the oppressed go free.

J. C. HATHAWAY.

FARMINGTON, 8th mo. 18th, 1846.

Letter from Wilmington, Delaware.

I have received a circular, addressed to the friends of emancipation, praying for help to support the Anti-Slavery Standard. This is to inform you that I am friendly to the anti-slavery sentiments of the Standard, but opposed to its uncharitable spirit.

I have come to the conclusion that censure and blame are inconsistent with the spirit of love, that breathes peace on earth, and good will to man, and therefore retards the cause of reform, especially when dealt out by non-resistants, and those making the high profession of returning good for evil.

I believe William L. Garrison, H. C. Wright, the Fosters, and all that school of reformers, who are endeavouring to remove evil by personal denunciation, and by fostering a spirit of "disunion" and "separation" from those who are morally diseased, are in total darkness as to the genuine principles of peaceful and rational reform. Kindness and force, or peace and war, are the principal powers used for removing evil, and can there be a doubt in the mind of any one, but what condemnation and force are of the same spirit, and will produce the same fruits. Who is there, with any knowledge of human nature, that ever thought of irritating and vexing a man, if his object was to convince him of some important truth? I do not say that this class of Abolitionists will not advance the cause of emancipation. I think they do advance it by their violent measures, and so do the English advance the cause of civilization by slaughtering the Sikhs, and the Americans the Mexicans. They circulate a vast amount of information, and the cause of civilization advances; but this is no evidence that there is not a better way of convincing a man of his errors than by vexing him, or enlightening his understanding by making bullet holes in his body. Kindness is as much superior to force as a moral lever in removing evil, as rail-roads and steam are superior to turnpikes and horse-power, in travelling and transportation.

How is it that non-resistants, who profess to discard force in all its forms, should have such vague and indistinct notions of kindness, which is the opposite doctrine. I am not aware of any advantage there is in profusion at best; practice is so near everything, that profusion is useless without it, and when the profession deviates widely from the practice it must be injurious to any cause. The laws of love and kindness require that good should always be returned for evil. Let a man's faults be what they may, they should be remembered no more; that which is past cannot be recalled, and it is not our business to punish it, for retributive justice is nothing but vengeance. The duty of man to his fellow-man is to prevent the repetition of injuries acts to himself and others, in as humane a way as possible. This is the true spirit of peaceful and rational reform, and those who act differently are under the dispensation of force. It may be said, in reply, that reformers in all ages have acted in a spirit of retaliation; that even Jesus himself condemned to everlasting torments all who would not, or could not, believe his teachings, that nearly all the periodicals of the present time, and the world generally, abuse, slander, and denounce one another. True, and what does all that prove? Why, that the purest and best minds are only in a state of progression, "learning obedience by the things which they suffer." Those Abolitionists who appeal to censure and blame, as a means of removing Slavery, are in a transition state; they have their faces turned in the right direction, but not advanced far enough to see that the injury they inflict upon others retards the cause, and will, in time, recoil upon their own heads.

I do not wish to be understood as approving of that "all things to all men" kind of policy, that fears to speak out an unpopular truth. The farthest from it possible. I love a bold reformer, that fears nothing but doing wrong, (and in this those Abolitionists excel,) but their zeal is so fiery that it destroys much of their good works. I believe the real cause why the Standard is not supported may be found in its unkindness and want of toleration for those who differ from it in opinion. I think the readers of the paper are in advance of those who conduct it, and that a change in its spirit and temper would be more likely to succeed than reducing the price; two dollars is too high for such a paper. It has always been conducted with great ability, and if the door was open for the return of those members who have been driven away from the Society, I think the subscription list would advance, especially if those eminent writers send in their contributions. You recommend to those who can afford it to take the "dauntless Liberator," and dauntless it is, in the true sense of the term. It fears nothing, and seems to care for nothing, but to avoid a medium between extremes. It hopes, C. M. Clay may be the first to perish on the plains of Mexico. Such a sentiment would suit the middle ages to light up the fires of an Auto-de-fe, but it will make a dark spot in the history of a higher and more advanced civilization. Is it not time, my friends of the Standard, the Freeman, and the Liberator, to go ahead and "encompass this mountain no longer." Depend upon it, it's a small-business to engage in a crusade against others for difference of opinion; people will think differently, and think honestly too, while they are differently organized and educated. You might as well blame a man for a wide mouth or a large nose, as to blame him for what unfavorable circumstances have forced upon him. If you have valuable truths (which you have) that other people would be benefited in knowing, just inform them of the facts in the temper and tone of an equal, and not scold them for their ignorance, and call them hard names for being dummies, or for not knowing what you know. Young people are led astray by your example from the simplicity and beauty of peaceful and rational reform. They hear you condemn and denounce the slaveholders, the clergy, the Liberty party, and everybody else who will not abolitionize you on your platform until they are imbued with the same hostile feelings, the same party spirit, which narrow their minds and destroy their usefulness in every reform they engage in. An example of learning this flourish of hard words is to be found in the lower grades of society. Some clergymen use condemnation in the pulpit to frighten their hearers into an orthodox faith, and their hearers take the liberty when they go home to use the same epithets to their servants, their dogs, and their horses, which has introduced what is called profane swearing in the world. What has this spirit done for mankind, which says, "come out and be ye separate," but to root up and destroy the best feelings of the human heart? It is a "stand off, I am holier than thou," and it goes on with its "separation," its "disunion," its "come-out-isms," until it makes itself a minority indeed, and would, if not checked by one of the more rational tendencies of the mind, leave individuals separate and alone in the world, each one too conscientious to have any connection with his neighbour.

I enclose you four dollars, with the names and address of the subscribers I have obtained, and hope you will accept the above hints in the same spirit they are given. And that the Anti-Slavery cause may prosper in your hands, is the sincere wish of your friend,

8th mo. 11th, 1846.

B. WEBB.

Miss Nancy Kendall, late of Leominster, Mass. left two thousand dollars to aid indigent students in the Cambridge Divinity School.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 27, 1846.

Our Paper.

We have announced from time to time the names of several persons as contributors to the editorial columns of the Standard, among whom are some of the best writers in the cause, and we may say, in the country—men and women beloved and honoured by Abolitionists, and of high reputation in the literary world. Articles from nearly all of them have already appeared, and we are confident that to all discriminating persons the value of the paper has been greatly enhanced by their labours. No distinctive mark, however, has generally been added to these articles, because the details of the plan, which chiefly concerned themselves, and by which they chose to be governed, have not till within the week been settled. It has, moreover, been a question whether the best interests of the papers required that such mark should be given, or whether it were not sufficient that the paper be a good one, regardless of who or what made it so. The various reasons which have weighed upon the minds of those upon whom devolves the settlement of all such questions touching the manner of conducting the paper, need not be repeated. The result is all that our readers will care to know. It is decided that the better plan is that each article shall be so distinguished for the future that all may know to what it emanates. We are confident that to the great majority this arrangement will be perfectly satisfactory, and those who for any reason would prefer another, we presume will readily acquiesce in a decision which to them as individuals certainly can be no loss.

As some very natural curiosity has been expressed to know who were the writers of certain articles which have already appeared, it is not improper to give the names of the writers of such as we at the moment remember. That upon the elder Webster was by JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, and that upon the Oration of his son, F. Webster, was by the Rev. JOHN WEISS. A tale, on the influence of a child over its father, and an article on C. M. Clay, were by ELIZA LEE FOLLEN. Among some smaller articles, and nearly all the book-notices, by CHARLES F. BRIGGS, of this city, has been that on S. M. Fuller, and the lines addressed to Cassius M. Clay. WENDELL PHILLIPS has contributed a leader on Governor Briggs, as well as some of less consequence. "True Worship" was by the Rev. SAMUEL MAY. The second on C. M. Clay was by EDWARD QUINCY, and both he and MARIA W. CHAPMAN have written some short articles, the titles of which are not now recollected, but which we presume were generally recognized. Others have appeared which their authors did not wish to have known as coming from them, and others still which we know are equally worthy of being mentioned, but which, not having a file before us, we cannot identify. But from the character of all, our readers will understand what it is still in store for them.

Our arrangements are such that every paper, we trust, will contain one article at least from some one of our contributors. The letters of our Boston correspondent will appear every alternate week. We hope, also, to have a correspondent in Philadelphia, and are promised occasional contributions as heretofore, either from Baltimore, or some point further south. The interesting letters of R. D. Wren will bring us news from Ireland, and we have some expectation of another occasional correspondent in London, in addition to the one already engaged. We are promised also letters from Paris, by the bye. From time to time we may find other persons who will contribute to our columns as editorial contributors or correspondents, and with all these, with the communications of our agents, and others, in various parts of the country, we think we may safely repeat the promise made sometime since, that the Standard will be one of the most valuable papers published in this country.

Goodell on the Constitution.

We find in our basket William Goodell's pamphlet on the Constitution, and though aware of the maxim, *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*, (never censure the dead,) still feel disposed to put on paper a few thoughts that occurred to us in reading it a year ago: they may fill a column—and may fill two, be finished in this paper, or extend to another, as the mood may be. We have been sometimes taunted with being afraid to attempt an answer to William Goodell and Lyander Spooner; and truly we have been afraid, but in another sense from that which was intended—afraid, that is to say, lest in the utter forgetfulness of the whole subject, we should run the dreadful risk of never being read. The time to discuss the Constitution was while we had one—while the successive administrations deemed it necessary, out of "decent respect to the opinions of mankind," to keep up the form of the Constitution though they disregarded its spirit—as the Roman Emperor carefully preserved the consulship though he put in his horse for consul. But now that the South has finally triumphed,—has fixed in her imperial cap the bloody purple of Texan fellowship,—the force of constitutional observance is no longer necessary, and there seems to be a general inclination to discountenance the pretence. Henceforth constitutional discussions will be of little comparative importance.

Though we made some effort we were never able to procure a copy till long after the praises of Mr. Goodell's argument had been sounding through the press of the late Liberty party, which must account for any seeming neglect. Our criticism does not spring from any disrespect to Mr. Goodell's logical ability; we are among those who appreciate it very highly. To his able discussions of the Church and Slavery, and to his vigorous criticism of Adams's seruples about the power of Congress over the District of Columbia, we owe, in common with others, a debt, which none are more willing to pay. His previous essays seemed to mark him out as pre-eminently capable of grappling with the discussion of such a question as that to which he devotes these pages. But judging him by these pages he proves ludicrously incompetent. We are inclined to attribute the fault not to the man, but to the profession, if we are right in supposing that Mr. G. was educated for the pulpit. Clergymen are most always blunder when they talk of law. We wonder whether the same is true of lawyers when they try, feigning the doctrine of the right of private judgment from the field of religion, where it is native and well rooted, to the arena of civil law, where it is an absurdity. They have never been able to see that the word "law" has more than one meaning. They come to the interpretation of statutes bringing with them the rules of evidence, sources of proof, &c. &c. familiar to the pulpit, and the world laughs at the result; as it used to do at the elder mathematicians, who repudiated Christianity because the evidence for the Gospels was not of the same quality as that which proved that two and two made four, and that all the angles of a triangle were equal to two right angles. We make this criticism seriously, and shall have occasion to illustrate it when we come to Mr. Goodell's general principles of Constitutional law. Brilliant exceptions to it only prove the rule.

The first thing that struck us about the book was the great mass of useless quotation and reference. It is a storehouse, to which any one may have recourse, who stands in need of any of the common quotations of the Abolitionists of the last sixteen years. Old Jer. Mason, aware of the rottenness of his cause, when acting as counsel for Avery, is said to have adopted the plan of confusing the jury by examining witnesses for thirteen long days, well knowing that no man would dare convict when his conscience and intellect were both smothered down with such a mass. The result proved his cunning—the despairing jury took refuge in a verdict of acquittal. A similar instinct might have led to the plan of this book. Of the hundreds who have sounded its praises, not one has ever read it through. We think we see them now glancing through its pages—noting its elaborate quotations from Blackstone and the Judges—amazed at the importance of dictionary definitions—charmed with the

staring capitals and enticing italics—and then laying it down, with a shake of the head, murmuring, "a learned book. How Goodell always exhausts a subject!" And the next person they meet finds them decided in the opinion that "the Constitution is an Anti-Slavery instrument. Goodell has proved it beyond a doubt."

Mr. Goodell tests the relation of the Constitution to Slavery, firstly, by "strict construction," secondly, by reference "to the spirit of the instrument," and closes with his general "views of constitutional law." We shall have a word to say on each. The book does not admit of an answer. One might as well answer an encyclopedia. Mindful, therefore, of Coleridge's maxim, that "to decide whether a joint of meat is poisoned, one needs taste but a mouthful, and is not obliged to eat it all through," we shall take a glance at his main points, and content ourselves with a specimen.

We might object to the absurd definition given of "strict construction," but there is not time; we pass to the first example. It is as follows—after quoting, "No person held to service or labour in one State, under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labour may be due."—*Constitution, Art. IV, Section 2, Clause 3.* Mr. Goodell says,

"Tell us by the rules of grammar, who *it is*, that shall be delivered up," &c. under this clause? "According to the principles of grammar as taught by Murray, Smith, Kirkham, &c. it appears that—No person held to service or labour in one State, under the laws thereof, escaping into another—shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labour may be due!"

"Very satisfactory testimony, for the claimant, to be sure!" By bringing his suit into the Court of "STRICT CONSTRUCTION," the claimant insists that the Grammar and the Lexicon, the *decalogue* of the record, however subversive of equity, or of the meaning intended by the framers of the instrument, shall govern the decision to be made.

The reader will observe that Mr. Goodell creates for himself this opportunity of exhibiting a profound ignorance of grammar, by omitting the word *that* before "shall be delivered up," &c. The whole sentence reads "No person, &c. shall be delivered up, &c. but shall be delivered up, &c." Now this form of expression is one of the most correct and common in our language. It is elliptical, and requires the insertion of the word "he" before "shall," "but shall be delivered up," &c. It occurs frequently in the Bible, which Bishop Lowth, in his Grammar, calls the "best authority on our language." Mr. Goodell's new grammar would make sad work with the sacred pages. For instance—"No man ever yet had his own flesh, but nourisheth and cherisheth it," &c.; that is, according to our new grammar, "No man ever nourisheth and cherisheth his own flesh!"

"No man cometh to the Father but by me," that is, "No man cometh to the Father by me!" Has Mr. Goodell so far outgrown his Yankee education as to have forgotten the Assembly's Shorter Catechism? We read in that good old compend, that "No mere man, since the fall, is able, in this life, perfectly to keep the commandments of God, but doth daily break them." &c. With what horror would the Westminster divines start up from their graves of two centuries, could they hear their degenerate son telling his children that this meant, "No mere man doth break the commandments of God!" We suppose it takes an angel to do that!

We marvelled as we read this astounding confession of ignorance, and were somewhat relieved by the discovery of Mr. G.'s modestly attributing the honour of the discovery to Alvan Stewart. The use of such an argument by Wm. Goodell can only be explained on the ground of what old Samuel Johnson called "pure ignorance,"—its use by Mr. Stewart admits of various explanations.

Stead reader, if I have made clear to you the above specimen of bad grammar, rest assured that the law which follows is equally bad. The sample is a fair one. The next page goes on to criticize the same clause further. The clause speaks of "persons," now Southern slaves. Mr. Goodell says, are held as "chattel," "things"—they cannot therefore be referred to. Abundant arguments are of course added, in all which the word "chattel" figures in capitals. The tub stands well for a few pages, then Mr. Goodell himself upsets it by a note on another point, as follows:

"I do not forget that the enactments of the slave States provide for the punishment of the slaves as criminals. But I contend that those enactments are in flat contradiction of the code that holds them as goods and chattels personal."

This lets out the secret. The staring capitals of previous quotations had told the truth, but not the whole truth. Southern law views the slave both as a "chattel," when it sells him, and as a person,—when it hangs him. The Constitution does the same, when it calls him "a person held to service or labour." Suppose it had called him a "chattel," some future Goodell would have paraded pages of laws to prove that slaves were tried and hung as "persons," and could not be the individuals referred to by the Constitution when it spoke of "chattels." Our Constitution avoids both the Goodell that is, and the Goodell that is to be—it recognizes both characters of the slave by a description of the only kind possible in the circumstances, and the perfection of which human ingenuity could hardly surpass. We all know why the framers were ashamed to use the word (slave) which would have made a description unnecessary. To be sure, as Mr. Goodell declares, these Southern laws are "in flat contradiction" to each other; but if we have got to wait for a meaning to our National Constitution till some one reconciles the inconsistencies of Southern laws we shall be like the clown, in the fable, who was waiting for the river to run away.

Mr. Goodell goes on to criticize the word "due," in the same clause. He says: "The slave can make no contract, and hence nothing can be 'due' from him!" "His master cannot sue him at law nor can law enforce the payment." "Nothing can be legally due from a slave." In general, Mr. Goodell is fond of referring to Webster's dictionary, to clinch all his reasonings on this strict construction basis. As "due" is no technical, no legal word, but one of general and popular use, we might have supposed he would have given us here his favourite authority—But on this occasion the universal authority, Dr. Webster, is carefully eschewed. Let us see, by opening the dictionary, whether we find any special reason for this unwelcome neglect. Dr. Webster defines "due," to be, *ist*, that one contracts to pay or do, &c. 2d, that which office, rank, social relations, &c. require to be done. 3d, that which law or custom require to be done. 4th, that which is due to the favour of another when the only ground relied on to show that nothing could be "due" from a slave, was that he could not make a contract or be sued! Of course, as Mr. Goodell is a consistent man, he thinks that when the Psalmist tells us to "give unto the Lord the glory due unto his name," he means the glory we poor creatures have contracted to render to the Most High! and for which we could be sued! When Paul commands a "Render unto their dues, honour to whom honour, fear to deeds, signed, sealed, and delivered, agreed to honour, fear, and glory tribute!"

Law says an infant cannot make a binding contract, nor a statute forbids us to say that from the child obliged, one is due to the parent. Our friend's otherwise well-D, or such a whopper of Webster could not have fallen into this mistake.

The truth is "due" means anything which contract, custom, or relation demand from one to another. In this just law or an unjust one. The slave is described as a person "held to service or labour by the laws of any State," and is to be delivered to the person to whom "such service or labour is due." Due how? Evidently, as the service due, that is service to which he is held by the laws. It matters not, therefore, whether he can make a contract or not, Law has established the relation. The laws of

Massachusetts, for instance, recognize the right of the master to control his son and secure his services: the duty growing out of the relation and not from contract. So the same State obliges an apprentice to obey the master to whom the Probate Judge has committed him, without the consent of his own law which recognizes the relation of master and slave is similar. We shall not cite it just, but it is law. Before we close we will notice Mr. Goodell's argument that nothing can be law which is not just. Here, by his request, we consult nothing but the dictionary. Let not the reader object to the seeming minuteness and trifling character of these distinctions. He must understand that in this part of the argument Mr. Goodell allows no reference but to dictionaries—either common or legal ones. He has chosen his principles of "construction"—a foolish one as we have said; but ple of "construction" is to show that on his own chosen ground, his argument has no solid basis.

The pages which immediately follow, strike us as neither important, nor much relied on; they relate to the Slave-Trade and to insurance—so we pass to the attempt, by the author, to show that Congress ought to attempt, by the Constitution, it "guarantees" Slavery because, by the Constitution, it "guarantees" to each State a republican form of Government." Leaving made, that the word "republican" is so inconsistent with the toleration of Slavery, as to warrant the National Legislature to put it down. Quotations are made from the dictionary, of course, from Jefferson, and Madison, &c. Madison allows that the word republic has been usually, up to that time, applied by political writers to Holland, where the people had no voice in the State,—in Venice, while governed by a few hereditary nobles,—to Poland, with monarchy in its worst form, and to England; but thinks strictly it should have a more precise definition. One definition by Jefferson, Mr. Goodell has not cited, he will find it on the 275th page of the 4th volume of Jefferson's Letters. After saying that "the term republic is of very vague description in every language—Witness the self-styled republics of Holland, Genoa, Switzerland, Venice, and Poland." Mr. Jefferson continues, "The precise and definite idea is a government by its citizens in mass, acting directly and personally, according to rules established by the majority." Such a Government he thinks only practicable within "such an extent as a New England township." Will Mr. Goodell agree to this one of Mr. Jefferson's latest and untested definitions? Amid this discordant testimony, according to his own showing, he still claims that the word has by custom, such a settled stereotyped meaning, as to warrant him in hanging a false Constitution on it! His conclusion is that "a State governed by a minority cannot be a republic." Hence Mr. Goodell concludes slave States are not republican, and Congress should do its duty by making them so.

Let us look up this definition and see whether Mr. Goodell will bear all its applications—for if it be good for any case, it must be good for all. "A State governed by a minority cannot be a republic." Well then there never has been a republic in the world. There never was a State yet that admitted persons generally under twenty or twenty-one years old to vote, though every census shows that more than half the community alive are under twenty-one years of age. The world then has been all governed by minorities.

Again, the actual and possible voters of the most Democratic States here or elsewhere seldom exceed one-fifth of the whole population. For we must remember that at least one solid half of the community have been systematically excluded from all share in the Government; we mean, the women.

Again, on this principle, neither New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, or Connecticut are republics, for each of these is governed by men, while there are in each more women than men. Let not Mr. Goodell object to our bringing up the woman question and the case of infancy. We go now for "strict construction," and with the very best spectacles, we can procure, we have been able to find no trace in the Constitution of any distinction made by it between men and women, or between infants and grown persons. On this occasion we cannot permit him to call in the "customs of society," or anything of that sort; his own principle confines him to the "words" of the Constitution, and if, at any time, weary of the confinement he wishes more space, he has our consent to revel at will through the boundless forest of Webster's Dictionary! but no further—and we hint in conclusion, that if no State "governed by a minority" can be a republic, Congress before meddling with other people had better look at home, since based on the votes of grown up men, it rests solely on the shoulders of the very small minority of about one-fifth of the people. This physician before tampering with others had better heal himself—This consideration shows how utterly unfounded is the criticism we are considering. The framers of the Constitution clearly meant to use the word in the general sense, common, as Madison says, in political disquisitions—to describe a free, popular Government, but not necessarily embracing universal suffrage or universal freedom. They could not mean to guarantee to others a system of government more perfect than that which they set up for themselves.

These remarks show the absurdity of attempting to stretch the words of the Constitution so wide that they may cover whole continents—The parchment cracks in the experiment, and the unshaky philosopher finds himself let down into a bog of innumerable difficulties. In trying to make out our Father's Abolitionists, he only succeeds at the cost of proving them fools. Let not Mr. Goodell object to the tests to which we have submitted his principles of interpretation. If the cup is bitter, let him recollect it is of his own brewing.

We may take up the book again.—

The Boston Whig.

An editorial article respecting the Whig, to which the letter of D. Y. in this week's Standard, makes allusion, appeared in the Standard of last week. It was written under a misapprehension of the real character of the contents of that journal, and a partial ignorance of the persons it represents. If Mr. Gay had not been absent, he would have discovered the unintentional injustice which was done by the writer, and have either rejected the article altogether, or materially altered its tone.

"I did not know it was your majesty," said the page, who slapped the great Frederick on the back, when he was looking out of a window. "Well, if you had," replied the king, "you need not have slapped so. We hope, then, the majesty of the young Whigs will take the blow we gave it, by mistake, in the same royal humour.—

B. Webb's Letter.

We give place to Benjamin Webb's letter, partly because requested to do so by an esteemed friend, and partly because we have no objection to lay before our readers any phase of pro-slavery which may prevent itself. As to Standard, it is too ridiculous to need any serious refutation. That were perfectly willing to leave with our readers, and our favour among all who love the slaves' cause more than their hate some of its advocates. Here is the secret wish, and he willing to labour for the emancipation of the slaves' cause, so long as it is conducted upon the general principles by which it now is. Harsh language, by no means objectionable to him as his letter proves. Were this reform conducted by Mr. Garrison and his associates in a spirit infinitely worse than he says it is, it is not that to which he would object. The secret of his objections must be sought for in something else. His is of partisanship and the bitterness of bigotry combined. Had we room, we might think it worth while to com-

ment upon this letter at some length, but its character, we think, will be evident to everybody, from one fact. It says—"It (the Liberator) hopes C. M. Clay may be the first to perish on the plains of Mexico. Such a sentiment would suit the middle ages, to light up the fires of an Auto-de-fe, but it will make a dark spot in the history of a higher and more advanced civilization." Now who would believe, who did not see the Liberator, that Mr. Garrison has never uttered such a sentiment as this, and that it is only by a wilful perversion of his words, that any such meaning can be attached to them. Such is the character of Benjamin Webb's charity, kindness, and love of truth.

ANOTHER CELL FILLED.—We mentioned sometime since that Wm. Harris, a preacher, was arrested in Tennessee, on a charge of kidnapping. We learn by later dates that he has been convicted by the Criminal Court of Memphis, and sentenced to the Penitentiary for five years. No particulars have reached us concerning the case.

REWARDED.—"We like to see some of those appointments coming this way occasionally," says a Massachusetts paper, in allusion to the appointment of R. T. Ingersoll, of New Haven, Ct. as Minister to Russia. Probably the paper in question is aware that Mr. Ingersoll is only receiving his pay for his uniform allegiance in his Southern masters, and particularly for his effort for the delivery of the Amistad captives to the Spanish Government.

The Norfolk County American, in copying a portion of an article from this paper in which the fate of the Alton rioters is stated, says:

"What has become of the leading Boston rioters? We recollect very well of being an idle spectator of the scenes that were begun, and ended in breaking up an abolition meeting in Washington street, some ten or more years ago. We saw, and noticed one man particularly, for he was not only distinguished by his active agency in the riot, but he was also known to us, by sight, as one of the distinguished and opulent merchants of Boston. He held a hammer in his hand, on the occasion referred to, and when we first saw him, he was engaged in taking down a sign."

We have, since that time, known him personally, as a beggar, and he is now a vagabond about the streets."

The Anti-Slavery meeting at Kiaz street Wesleyan Chapel, on Monday evening, was well attended. James F. Barr, one of the three young men who were sentenced to twelve years imprisonment in the Missouri Penitentiary for the attempt to assist slaves to cross the river into a free State, was present, and related the facts attending their arrest, trial, imprisonment, and sufferings, during nearly the five years of their captivity. His tale was calculated to

"—Stir a fever in the blood of age,
And make an infant's sinews strong as steel."
The meeting was adjourned one week.

From our Boston Correspondent.

No. V.
First of August at Abington.—Mount Auburn "in lil. le.—Sunday meeting there.—The Red Lion and the Angel, and the philosophy of the same.—The Report on the Negro Schools.—Fitness and deserts of its Author.—Connection between piety and prejudice, and the necessary affinity between the Jim-Crow School and the Jim-Crow Pen.—All the glory of both given to God.—How foreign Pagans and American Christians treat their God.—Ancient and modern rule as to explaining difficulties by Divine interpolation.—Reasonableness of American piety.—The minority Report and its author, Mr. Edmund Jackson.—City Society's

in making people black, he cannot expect those of his favorite complexion to treat them as equals. Indeed, he did not mean they should, and so has placed this mark upon them, as he did upon Cain, (from whom their genealogy would undoubtedly be derived, were it not for the unlucky intervention of the Deluge,) that they may be shamed.

It is strange with what freedom American Christians treat the Deity they profess to worship. Notwithstanding their loud professions of reverence and obedience, and although they do build ugly little wooden houses all over the country for him to live in, I cannot think that they treat him well. Some of the Pagans, whom they are at such pains to make as good as themselves, when things do not go to their minds, make no scruple of giving their gods a good scolding, or, if need be, of treating them to a sound thrashing. But this discipline is certainly much more rational and less disrespectful than that administered to their Divinity by Christians of this Republic, who attribute to him the glory of every dirty, mean, cruel, bloody, villainous action they choose to commit. Who, as Jeremy Taylor would say, "lay their misbegotten brats at God's door?"

The rule of ancient criticism was, that a God should never be introduced upon the stage, unless the occasion was one worthy of such an interposition. But no occasion is too slight, if it only had enough, for American piety to invoke the Divine countenance. Is it convenient for us to catch a man and make him work for us for nothing, with a cart-whip over his shoulders and a musket at his breast, by way of persuasion and reward; does patriotism demand that a few hundred or thousand men should be killed or maimed by bullet or bayonet, to make it right for us to steal our neighbor's land; is a man to have his neck broken at public expense; does any other special sacrifice seem profitable to us? It is not we that do it! Oh no! It is the Lord's doing, and marvellous in our eyes! It is no wonder that the American people are eminently a religious people when they have so convenient a God to serve; or rather one so convenient to serve them. But, bless me, here have I been preaching through two whole paragraphs!

The fallacies and absurdities of the majority Report (which was swallowed with all of them upon its head by the body to which it was made, by a vote of 59 to 161) were handsomely shown up in the minority Report, signed by Edmund Jackson, and Henry L. Bowditch. This Report is written with singular clearness, vigor and ability, and does the highest honor to its author Mr. Edmund Jackson. Mr. Jackson is a brother to Francis Jackson, a name so well known and beloved by Abolitionists everywhere. His anti-slavery is of the most thorough and uncompromising character, having been learned in a good school, during a residence of some years in Charleston, S. C. and improved by extensive travel in the slave States. Though he has had no advantages of education besides those afforded by the common schools, and that "best of educations," as Gibbon calls it, which a man gives himself, there are few technically "educated men" who equal him, not only in common sense and arrangement of matter, but in terseness and elegance of style. I hope you will endeavor to induce him to become one of your regular contributors.

The decision of the Committee was bolstered up by the least opinion of the City Solicitor, Pellet W. Chandler, which bolsters Wendell Phillips has endeavored, and with tolerable success, to make a pillow of thorns, by a Review of the same, appended to the minority Report. The Committee having, naturally enough, refused to print the minority Report in connection with their own, it had to be published at the expense of the minority and their friends. A dispensation of public justice, not unlike that of our Puritan ancestors, who, for some offence need to condemn the culprit "to be hanged and flogged forty shillings!"

I meant to have told you, *apropos* to this matter, some anecdotes touching two or three colored men of the last generation, Primas Hall, Prince Sanders, &c. whose names are mentioned in the course of the controversy; but I must defer them till my next letter. I think you will consider them worth the telling.

I was sorry to see the article of your contributor in the last Standard, on the Boston Whig. I am sure that if your absence from New-York had not prevented you from seeing it before it went in, it would not have appeared without material modification. The Whig, as its name implies, does not take the Anti-Slavery ground of the American Society; and, consequently, is not to be judged strictly by its standard. Our principles are universal; and of course, we demand of all men to accept of them, and of the method which necessarily accompanies them. But until persons connected with a political party or a religious sect are ready to receive our doctrine and follow in our footsteps, all we have reason to expect from them is a consistent application of their own principles to the matter of Slavery. And when a political paper does this with the faithfulness and ability which has marked the Whig since it has been in the hands of its present editor, it is neither just nor gracious to visit it with the severity and sarcasm which should be reserved for hypocrisy or backsliding alone. They should meet with cordiality and sympathy, and be urged to come up to the only ground tenable in this great conflict, rather than be repulsed with ridicule and contempt.

D. Y.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

From our Dublin Correspondent.
The Dublin Correspondent in Liverpool, and Why.—*Meets H. C. Wright.*—Watching for Garrison.—The Free Church and the Blood-Money.—Wealth of Liverpool.—A discriminating Boniface.—Prince Albert in Liverpool.—English, Irish and American Loyalty.—Visit to Birkenhead and Chester.—Value of an Abolitionist estimated in Princes.—Rapid growth of Birkenhead.—Arrival of Garrison.—Custom-House Anti-Slavery.—Their plans, &c. &c. &c.

LIVERPOOL, August 18, 1846.
MY DEAR GAY:—Garrison has arrived, and here am I. The first of these "great facts" is connected with the second—for it requires explanation that "our Irish correspondent" should date from England. The anomaly is such as might be expected from a Paddy, and I am sure Brother Jonathan is too fiercely patriotic to find fault with me for being natural. It is one of the absurdities of exclusive nationality that it presents the exaggerations of a peoples character as something worthy of special idolatry. Therefore I beg you particularly to observe that I disdain to confine my sheet to such remarks and incidents as ought naturally to be looked for from an Irishman, and that I mean to take the largest liberty, and to wander at "my own stout will" wherever any flowers can be culled for the delectation of Yankee noses.

I arrived here on the morning of the 29th, on my way to London, hoping to meet H. C. Wright and Garrison here, and "to go South" with them. Henry I met on the way to the hotel—he had set out to look for me, having just come up from the pier head where he had been inquiring for the Britannia. Having disposed of my impediments, we returned to the quay together, and there we spent the live-long day watching every steamboat that rounded the Rock, from whence the first view is obtained of this great emporium of commerce. The day was hazy, so that in the Exchange News Room of the Liverpool merchants, the telegraph plate contained only a slip of paper with the words "No Telegraph for fog."

In this state of things we had but to wait and wait, until some light dawned, for any moment the Great Lion might sail round, and the report of her gun announce her arrival.
So there we sat, and walked, and talked on subjects, past, present, and future, that interested us as a separation of more than eighteen months. H. C. Wright had much to tell me, not of adventure by floods and fields, but of his doings since he commenced what I look upon as a hopeless enterprise—I mean his gigantic project of inducing the Free Church of Scotland to send back the blood-stained money. I don't think that they will ever send it back. This would be too great a stretch of mag-

animosity to expect from men who have condescended to look to slaveholders for assistance in building up the walls of their Zion. The leaders of the Free Church are unable to appreciate the dignity they would confer upon their Church, the service they would render to humanity, if they would re-up in the estimation of all honest men, by disgorging the plunder of the poor, the robbers' doll, the condensed essence of the blood and tears of the slave-representation as that money is, of an incalculable amount of moral degradation and soul murder.

They will never return the money—but no matter—like Latimer, H. C. Wright, followed by Thompson, Douglass, and Buffum, have lighted up a moral flame amongst the Scottish people, that will long burn upon their ancient hills, to cheer the lover of truth and liberty, and scare the guilty slaveholder and his meaner abettor. If Wright had not roused me by his visit to the British Islands to that his time had not been ill bestowed, and that he had not worked and labored in vain. It is heart-cheering and soul-elevating to meet with those who spend and are spent in going about doing good, who are not censored by the last of avarice or ambition, who evince by their lives as well as their conversations that they not only love the right but are willing to labour for it.

This day spent on the wharves and quays of Liverpool gave me a much better idea of the vast extent of the wealth and commerce of this great town than I have ever before had any opportunity of forming. I had often been here before, but had never filled my mind so full of all that is to be seen. It is no wonder that traveler's tales are proverbially unworthy of belief, and that they are so liable to hasty conclusions and wrong impressions, when we consider how extremely hasty is the glance they generally take of what they really see. Everything shifts before them with the rapidity and indistinctness of a magic lantern. Here the forests of shipping, the countless number of boats, steamers, and craft of all kinds that crowd the broad bosom of the Mersey, is perfectly astounding. It is in continual motion—the objects on the water are forever changing. All is full of life and energy. The massiveness of the quays, the size and solidity of the docks, the completeness and costliness of the drawbridges, and all the paraphernalia of a great port, impresses the mind of a poor Paddy like myself with ideas of an extent of wealth beyond that of Cæsar or Solomon.

Well, we spent the day in this way; but the Britannia did not come. I should say that the town was, perhaps, more than ordinarily full and busy, as Prince Albert, the Queen's husband, was expected the following day, on a visit to Liverpool, for the important purposes of giving to his name to a new set of docks about to be opened, and of laying the first stone of a new Sailors' Home, which will be shortly erected. Having heard it rumored that very high prices, five or six times greater than ordinary, would be demanded for beds, we thought it best to make our bargain, and on our asking Brown, the proprietor of the Temperance Hotel, Clayton Square, where we had put up, he frankly told us his charge, "of ordinary nights,"—(such as myself)—for the two following nights, would be two and a half dollars per night, but that from H. C. Wright, and from W. L. Garrison, when he came, he would not demand more than the usual rates. Now this difference was made for their works' sake, and at no actual sacrifice, for Brown could have readily obtained inmates who would have freely paid him the full demand which was no more than was asked and given in other equally respectable hotels.

The 30th was a great day for Liverpool, but it did not bring the Britannia. The weather was still hazy, and "No Telegraph for Fog," was still the report in the News Room. Many anxious inquiries, as well as ourselves, were to be found on the pier-head, and there were many surmises as to the cause of the good ship's being now on the 11th day, at this fine season of the year, and with the favourable winds that had prevailed for the past few weeks. Prince Albert arrived about 12 o'clock by an Express train, in about 5 hours (212 miles) from London, and the whole great town swarmed like a bee-hive. Guns fired, cannon thundered, steamboats hurried across the river, crammed with well-dressed people of all classes, with happy, expectant faces, brimful of loyalty, a sentiment most abundant in England, little felt in Ireland, and, from anything I can learn, hardly comprehended in the United States, unless, perhaps, in the South, their fidelity to "the peculiar institution" be something like it, and in the North it may be matched by the prevalent idolatry towards the Constitution, and the name of Washington.

The shops (or stores) were mostly closed, and all business in the merchants' offices and banks suspended, throughout this and the following day. The windows were hung with flags and banners, inscribed with the words of H. Webb, and myself—in a pretty plight. Such a scene! Garrison has opened his budget—his trunk—his pamphlets, books, papers, mouth and heart, and he is now pouring out upon us a torrent of *Garrisonism*; for I am not willing to allow him to speak for any but for himself. He and the Webbs are this moment in a meeting; and the mass despising religion of Christendom, is receiving a share of their attention. Our little room looks very much like Garrison's editorial chair, desks, and room—pamphlets, papers, books, maps, ink, pen and paper—scattered all around. R. D. Webb is writing at my side. The heat is extraordinary in the lower country—much resembling New-York or Philadelphia.

I came from Glasgow, Monday last, July 27th, leaving the Scots, Murphys, Patons, and Reids, there, all well and most anxious to get Garrison among them. Arrived in Liverpool on Tuesday, to await the arrival of Garrison on Wednesday morning. R. D. W. arrived from Dublin for the same purpose. We waited on the George's pier-head, amid the dust and turmoil of multitudes, embarking and disembarking from steamers, and under a scolding sun—clear and scalding as the sun ever can be in this kingdom. There we sat on iron posts, on stone blocks, on old barrels, old trucks, moaning our *schings* and *saunderies*—straining our eyes to penetrate the thick fog, to see down the Mersey—if the Britannia were coming, and every now and then both the policemen and dockmen on her probable arrival. But the 29th, Wednesday, passed away and no Britannia. Thursday, the 30th, we again took our stand on the pier-head, and there we watched during another long, burning, busy day. No Britannia. We began to feel anxious. Again, on Friday morning, 31st, we took our stand and watched. About 5 o'clock, P. M. the Britannia passed up the river by the town to Coberg dock—her accustomed station—a mile above where we were. We expected the passengers would be landed in a lighter—but none did. We went up to the dock in a great heat and haste, and about 4 o'clock the steamer was hauled into the dock. We had recognized Garrison on board, and soon as she touched the pier, hastened on board to welcome him—thankful that our anxiety was at an end. I cannot express to you our satisfaction at meeting our dear, single-hearted, world-loving, sternly-upright Garrison. It is nearly four years since I last parted with him in Washington street, Boston. I felt that I had once more met the friend of God and man—the man and the Christian of the nineteenth century—for in this light will he be regarded by future generations when the spell of observances and institutions shall be broken, and man, now victimized to these priestly and political enchantments, shall be loved and valued because he is man, and as he comes from the hands of his Creator, and not as he comes from the hands of tailors, jewellers, and custom of parliaments and presbyteries.

Having mentioned Birkenhead more than once, I may as well say that, I doubt, if anything that you have to boast of, in the way of extraordinary growth, in any of your cities or towns, exceeds the wonderful progress of this town, which has started into existence within the last ten years, out of the barren sands that occupied the Chester shore of the Mersey, opposite to Liverpool. The ground occupied more or less by buildings, extends, I should think, fully four miles in one direction, and two miles in another. There are many vacant spaces—much of the outline that remains to be filled up—but then, there are stately squares, rows of noble houses, fine streets, vast docks projected, a spacious park, beautifully laid out in the ornamental style, planted with shrubs, and furnished with pieces of water. The exhibition of enterprise, wealth, and power, is amazing. Everything is done in the most substantial and permanent style. The greater part of the space, however, is occupied with the residences of the merchants, traders, and persons holding subordinate situations in Liverpool. Here they enjoy a purer air than could be had in the enormous, ugly, and crowded town.

When the procession was expected, the streets in the line of march were densely crammed. The windows, and, wherever it was possible, the tops of the houses, were filled with spectators. Balconies, erected for the occasion, were occupied at rates varying from half a dollar to two dollars each. Henry C. Wright and myself took our station along with the multitude, on the sidewalk, partly in well-assumed indignation at so much folly, and partly because we had neither of us much money to spare—so we grumbled, and stretched our necks in the crowd.

When the show passed, we paid another visit to the American Mail Company's office, in Water street, and learned that the Britannia had just come in, and was gone up the river to the Coberg dock, so we followed her, and waited till she would round, and took her place alongside the quay. Before this, however, we recognized our friend, who was much pleased to see familiar faces waiting for him, for he did not expect to see any he knew in Liverpool. We waited till all the passengers' luggage was taken out, and removed to the customs' depot for examination.

I should have mentioned that the fog, which kept the Telegraph from working, was the cause of the extraordinary delay in the arrival of the Britannia. She was detained at the commencement of her voyage, and was near meeting a serious accident by striking on a sunken horse shoe reef, from which she was extricated with difficulty. If she had not been creeping at a slow rate when this occurred, she would have inevitably received serious injury. As it happened, it was found necessary to use the pumps, with the help of the engines, for a good part of the voyage. She arrived on the 15th day, just two days after we had been given to expect her.

As well say that, I doubt, if anything that you have to boast of, in the way of extraordinary growth, in any of your cities or towns, exceeds the wonderful progress of this town, which has started into existence within the last ten years, out of the barren sands that occupied the Chester shore of the Mersey, opposite to Liverpool. The ground occupied more or less by buildings, extends, I should think, fully four miles in one direction, and two miles in another. There are many vacant spaces—much of the outline that remains to be filled up—but then, there are stately squares, rows of noble houses, fine streets, vast docks projected, a spacious park, beautifully laid out in the ornamental style, planted with shrubs, and furnished with pieces of water. The exhibition of enterprise, wealth, and power, is amazing. Everything is done in the most substantial and permanent style. The greater part of the space, however, is occupied with the residences of the merchants, traders, and persons holding subordinate situations in Liverpool. Here they enjoy a purer air than could be had in the enormous, ugly, and crowded town.

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A large trunk full of books and tracts, brought over by Garrison for gratuitous distribution, was promptly passed without charge by the officer, who was familiar with him and his labours. If the letter of the law had been insisted on, they would have probably cost some pounds duty—but, as they were not meant for sale, its spirit was probably not invaded. These instances of sympathy with their noble efforts, cannot fail to gratify American Abolitionists. Garrison looks right well, and is in good health and spirits, full of zeal and hope, and unabated in his enthusiasm on behalf of every good work. It was most refreshing to see him—his eye not dimmed, nor his natural strength abated, though I fervently hope he is far, very far, from that crisis, at which this was said of Moses. As H. C. Wright often says, "we had a fine, long talk, I can tell you,"—questions and answers were kept up, and have continued with little intermission. We mean to proceed to London on the 3d. The Temperance World's Convention takes place on the 4th—imagine it will be based somewhat similarly to the Anti-Slavery meeting of the same pretensions, held in 1810. We shall see. Some new faces will be there, and something may be learned, and something done for good, if we only keep our eyes open. Garrison does not mean to remain long in London. I hope he will form some acquaintances among the leaders of public opinion there. I have procured letters of introduction for him to some individuals, who are already well-known as pleaders for humanity, and I know of no way in which his mission can be of greater service, than by private intercourse with Terrell, Howitt, and others of that increasing class, who prefer facts to dogmas, and the promotion of the good of man, to scholastic squabbles, for the glory of God. Panch, you know, is an Abolitionist, in the sense of abhorring and scorning slaveholders, and their apologists. The Daily News has lately published some noble and most intelligent articles on the position of things with you, in reference to Anti-Slavery. I am not a great hoper, but I do feel confident that Garrison's visit will be of use—and that for his health, for the sake of the slave, and for the hastening of a brighter and better day to the United States, and through them to the world, it is well for him to be here. Yours very truly, RICHARD D. WEBB.

Letter from England.
Waiting for Garrison—His Arrival—Probable Course in England.
LIVERPOOL, August 24, 1846.
DEAR FRIEND: Here we are in Brown's Temperance Hotel—in a little upper room—Garrison, R. D. and James H. Webb, and myself—in a pretty plight. Such a scene! Garrison has opened his budget—his trunk—his pamphlets, books, papers, mouth and heart, and he is now pouring out upon us a torrent of *Garrisonism*; for I am not willing to allow him to speak for any but for himself. He and the Webbs are this moment in a meeting; and the mass despising religion of Christendom, is receiving a share of their attention. Our little room looks very much like Garrison's editorial chair, desks, and room—pamphlets, papers, books, maps, ink, pen and paper—scattered all around. R. D. Webb is writing at my side. The heat is extraordinary in the lower country—much resembling New-York or Philadelphia.

I came from Glasgow, Monday last, July 27th, leaving the Scots, Murphys, Patons, and Reids, there, all well and most anxious to get Garrison among them. Arrived in Liverpool on Tuesday, to await the arrival of Garrison on Wednesday morning. R. D. W. arrived from Dublin for the same purpose. We waited on the George's pier-head, amid the dust and turmoil of multitudes, embarking and disembarking from steamers, and under a scolding sun—clear and scalding as the sun ever can be in this kingdom. There we sat on iron posts, on stone blocks, on old barrels, old trucks, moaning our *schings* and *saunderies*—straining our eyes to penetrate the thick fog, to see down the Mersey—if the Britannia were coming, and every now and then both the policemen and dockmen on her probable arrival. But the 29th, Wednesday, passed away and no Britannia. Thursday, the 30th, we again took our stand on the pier-head, and there we watched during another long, burning, busy day. No Britannia. We began to feel anxious. Again, on Friday morning, 31st, we took our stand and watched. About 5 o'clock, P. M. the Britannia passed up the river by the town to Coberg dock—her accustomed station—a mile above where we were. We expected the passengers would be landed in a lighter—but none did. We went up to the dock in a great heat and haste, and about 4 o'clock the steamer was hauled into the dock. We had recognized Garrison on board, and soon as she touched the pier, hastened on board to welcome him—thankful that our anxiety was at an end. I cannot express to you our satisfaction at meeting our dear, single-hearted, world-loving, sternly-upright Garrison. It is nearly four years since I last parted with him in Washington street, Boston. I felt that I had once more met the friend of God and man—the man and the Christian of the nineteenth century—for in this light will he be regarded by future generations when the spell of observances and institutions shall be broken, and man, now victimized to these priestly and political enchantments, shall be loved and valued because he is man, and as he comes from the hands of his Creator, and not as he comes from the hands of tailors, jewellers, and custom of parliaments and presbyteries.

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We passed him through the Custom house. "These horrid Governments!" "This detestable machinery!" "The Custom house shall be abolished!"—and the like, pouring out of his mouth in torrents, despite the presence of John Ball, and John Bull's sword. But John Bull was very good-natured for all that, and, if Garrison has not the grace to acknowledge his country, he is not the man I took him to be. But we have him with us, and shall keep him here to the last possible day, probably, the 19th of October. He will have to work. To-morrow (August 3d) we go to London, and there to settle our future movements.

As to the way in which Garrison's visit is to be made available to the Anti-Slavery cause in America—the great object of his coming. It will not be by public meetings. This was the feeling among those interested in his coming, before he arrived, and we were glad to find that his views, and those of his friends at home, coincide with ours. There will be some public meetings, but the friends of the slave at home must not expect to hear much about these. For myself, I pray that Garrison may never be made a *lion*, of any country, with a religion and Government which, like those in Britain and America, exist and fatten on human blood. I have no fear that he will be. May Garrison ever be hated and mistreated, by all that is oppressive and cruel! He will be. A God of Love, and Justice, will not suffer it to be otherwise.—no I think. His great object will be more surely gained, by social, domestic, familiar interviews with individuals, who are, in a measure, prepared to hear him, and to learn the wrongs of the slave, and the means of removing them. This, will, probably, be the general course of proceeding. He can, and will do much, to lay before some influential, intelligent men and women, the political and religious ramifications of Slavery, and the only remedy. But I cannot yet say much about it. Frederick is to meet us in London on the 4th or 5th; and will, I hope, be with Garrison in all his travels and meetings in the country. I saw him a week since in Glasgow, and he said he thought he should come home with him in October. I am winding up all my affairs here, to cross the ocean once more, with Garrison.

Our watchings on the pier-head for Garrison, were relieved by the sight of *posy*, and the sound and turmoil of loyalty. Albert was in town on Thursday and Friday, (30th and 31st)—two hundred thousand, at least, in his wake—at an expense to Liverpool, it is said, of fifty thousand pounds! It was a gay scene, however, and a good-natured. Albert has a good-natured, tall, unmeaning face,—just fit to shoot hares and fawns, after some more active spirits have run them into a corner.

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